

Good Morning 245

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

Just you wait
for your L.H.P.—
Tel. Robert

IF ever you bring any submariner pals home on leave, Telegraphist Robert Arthur Bullough, they will certainly sample a brand of L.H.P.—or—“Lancashire Hot-Pot”—that has become a legend in your home-town.

For your mother has made so many of them for a local soldiers' canteen that she has become a baker of real renown.

When we called on her at your home at 56 Bolton Road, Ashton-in-Makerfield, Lancashire, she invited us in—and then, with arms coated with flour to the elbows, sped through the hall to the kitchen to rescue her pies from an untimely end by burning.

Every Christmas since the war began she has made dozens of gigantic hot-pots for the social evening the local Y.M.C.A. gives to the boys in khaki, and there she was in a kitchen of powdery flour, heaps of peeled potatoes and trays of browned mince pies.

While your mother, smiling, silver-haired Mrs. Rhoda Bullough, told us the story of her war work—how she makes pies by day and serves tea at the soldiers' canteen by night—we sat in her cosy little kitchen and had a lesson in pie-making.

As she talked she mixed dough, chopped potatoes, and filled massive pots with the wholesome yet mysterious ingredients which form the famous Lancashire Hot-Pot.

She told us how her solicitor-sailor-son enjoys those pies, how he doesn't like Contin-

Bullough

tal food, but prefers the “good old Lancashire hot-pot.”

Well, Robert, you can be pretty certain that the signal “L.H.P.” will be at once answered by “Sit down, son, and enjoy it.”

All's well at home, and your mother sends you her fondest love.



W. H. MILLIER SAYS

THESE FIGHTERS GOT THERE—BUT THEY FOUGHT!

PROFESSIONAL boxing is now at its lowest ebb. It can scarcely go much lower.

I am often asked just how this has come about, and it is a question that can be answered, though scarcely in a phrase. There are so many contributory factors to be taken into consideration.

At the top of the list we have the question of economics. What has this to do with boxing? you may ask. It has quite a lot to do with it.

In the old days, when a boxer had to be a very good performer in order to secure enough engagements to be able to keep going, he would strive to learn all he could about the game. The urge was all the greater when there was so much competition.

You must take it as a fact that the vast majority of these pugilists became boxers in order to live.

As most of them will tell you, they had more dinner-times than dinners. At a time when there were always round about a score of unskilled workers for every job that was going, somebody had to go without work for long periods.

It was a case of work or

★ ★ ★

starve, for there was no such thing as the dole in the days I have in mind.

To such unfortunates, ten shillings, or maybe a pound, for boxing in a six-round contest was indeed manna from the skies. The wonder was that so many of these youngsters could muster up the strength to fight six or more hard rounds on an empty stomach.

The life of the preliminary boxer was always hard, but it was harder still to starve.

Having once made a start, the tyro would work like a slave in some basement gymnasium, or a backyard, in order to perfect his style and qualify for a little higher remuneration.

Many of our best champions first started boxing because they had nothing else to do, having taken up blind-alley jobs which very soon left them stranded. A number of them took to the game in order that they might leave some soul-destroying labour that held them because they could not afford to throw it up until another opportunity presented itself.

Jimmy Wilde worked down a coal-mine, and might have been compelled to finish his working life there if he had not used every free hour to work his way on in the ring.

His was no bed of roses by any means. His appearance was all against him at the start. You see, he did not look the part.

I have already told you that he was the nearest approach to a walking skeleton you could meet in a lifetime. But he would not be discouraged by anyone. He would tramp miles to a village where a boxing booth had been pitched, and would take on any hefty pugilist just to gain experience.

When he used to train at home for his early contests,

which were very poorly paid, he had to get his wife to act as his sparring partner because he could not afford to employ one.

He never gave up trying, and the result, as we know, was well worth all the effort expended.

It is impossible to say what might have happened to Wilde if he had been engaged in a more congenial task in life and one which showed a better financial return. Would he, then, have gone through the hard grind of becoming a professional boxing champion? I doubt it.

If we had never seen him in the ring, it is quite obvious we should never have known what we had lost, but it would have been a loss, since he was, in his way, a genius.

It all serves to make one ponder the subject of choosing one's calling. Some youngsters make up their minds quite early that they will make a particular trade, profession, or art, their own, and they usually succeed, but I suppose it is correct to say that the great majority are merely pitchforked into some job or other, whether or not they have any marked aptitude for it.

I have quoted the instance of Jimmy Wilde, and could cite scores more who were driven by poverty to adopt the ring as a means of livelihood.

There is the other side of the picture, which shows instances of young men throwing up all else in order to succeed in the ring, but these may be given as the exceptions which help to prove the rule.

Here is one that comes to mind. About thirty years ago, when there was scarcely one night in the week without a boxing show being staged, I used to have to spend each evening at a show.

A youngster whom I had noticed waiting at stage doors, much as the flappers of that age used to await the arrival of the popular matinee idol of the day, approached me very politely and asked me to give him a job.

When I asked him what sort of job he thought of getting he said, “Anything, so long as it is connected with boxing.”

Suffice it to say that he was given his job, and I will add that I could never hope to find a more cheerful, willing worker than this boy whose one passion in life was boxing. His secret ambition was to become a leading boxer.

He could not afford to pay to see all the contests he wanted to witness in order to learn, so what could be easier than to get a job which enabled him to see the fights and become associated with the boxers?

It certainly worked out correctly for him. I went early to the war and for more than four years saw very little of my native land. When I returned to pick up the threads I had the satisfaction of seeing this boy topping the bill and drawing big crowds with his dazzling skill.

He had certainly succeeded in realising his ambition. By sheer merit he had won his way to championship form, and might have gained the highest honours in his division if he had not contracted an illness which, I regret to say, proved fatal.

There is the notable instance of James J. Corbett, who is still spoken of in America as the cleverest of all the heavy-weight champions.

As he was of a type apart from the old-time fighter he

was known as Gentleman Jim. He was a bank clerk in San Francisco when he formed the notion of adopting the ring as a career.

His father did all he could to dissuade him, and pointed out how he was throwing up an assured future in the bank for the uncertainties of that dreadful fight game.

It had no effect on Gentleman Jim and they parted company. The old man, however, was eventually proud of his son's prowess in the ring, and when Jim won the championship a reconciliation was effected.

A champion of a much later day, Gene Tunney, was not compelled to take to the ring as a means of livelihood, but he wanted to make a fortune, and after carefully surveying all the avenues that lead to riches he chose the ring as being the easiest way of all.

He applied a shrewd brain to cramming all the knowledge necessary to attain his end, and fitted himself physically to the task in hand.

He had no love for the game; in truth he loathed it, but he meant to achieve his aim, and succeeded.

He will not go down in ring history as a great champion. He was not even a good draw for the box office, which is understandable when you know that he had no love for the game.

Still, he stands unique in boxing as an example of what a man can do if only his mind is strong enough to carry out its purpose.

I, for one, hope that we shall never see the day when there is a return of starvation in this country for the man who cannot find work; not if we never see another champion worthy of the name.

So long as this country of ours breeds healthy youngsters there will always be a fair number who will wish to indulge in boxing, but they need not be professionals.

It is to the amateurs that we must look to keep the game alive, though we cannot expect talent of the high order that comes of the necessity for making the ring a career.

It is never safe to make hard-and-fast predictions, but, to judge by the trend of events, I can visualise the time when professional boxing in this country will be as dead as mutton, and if you want to see some boxing you will have to go to the amateur shows.

What the amateur boxers may lack in skill will be amply made up by whole-hearted enthusiasm.

At least you will be watching honest triers, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that the various competitions, and the contests, are straight.

A Packet of Home Town

PENNIES ON DRUM.

WHAT'S the chance of knocking up 20 and under on the darts board?

We all know the double-tops and treble-bottoms are pretty elusive unless you're slick, but if you paid a penny every time you hit 20 and under you'd be surprised what a nest-egg would pile up.

Cardiff City Darts League found that out—for a good cause. It was decided that league match players throwing below 20 should put “a penny on the drum.”

When time was called, how much do you think was in the kitty? £175. At the Halfway Hotel, Cathedral Road, there was a pleasing ceremony when chairman Harry Ackroyd handed it over to Sir Robert Webber, the Press chief.

It went to Cardiff Royal Infirmary.

That nice little gift represented 42,000 pennies.

THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE FOR.

DURING the Book Drive at Exeter a man called at the main depot with a bulky volume under his arm—an old family photograph album.

“Is this any good?” he asked.

“Only as salvage,” said an organiser.

“What's that?”

“Repulsing,” he was told. The organiser explained the process.

A grin widened on the donor's face. “That'll be just the ticket,” he said.

“You see, mister, that album is full of photos of my wife's relations.”

MATCHMAKER IN THE RING.

NEWLY appointed matchmaker of “all-in” wrestling at New St. James Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne, is Norman Morrell, who recently acted as referee.

His amateur career was interesting because he represented this country at the Olympic Games, defeating two Japs and lastly a German, in full view of the so-called “Fuehrer.”

LLANFAIR, LOOK YOU!

POL. CONSTABLE W. WILLIAMS, the village constable of Llanfair P.G., is a determined man. In the top drawer of the desk in his little office lies a letter from Geelong, Victoria, Australia, addressed to the constable-in-charge, Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllantysiliogogogoch.

The writer, E. O'Connell, wants to know “How the devil do you pronounce the name of your village?”

Constable Williams is waiting to give Mr. O'Connell the answer in Welsh.

“He'll turn up here one of these days,” he said, “perhaps as a soldier on leave, perhaps as a holidaymaker when the war is over, and then I'll teach him how to pronounce it.”

Translated, the long name of this Anglesey village, fami-

News for You

liarily known as Llanfair P.G., means, “The place of St. Mary's church in a dell of white hazel trees near the rapid whirlpool near which was a red cave and the church of St. Tysilio.”

Constable Williams has a correction to make in Mr. O'Connell's spelling.

He gave the village an extra letter.

OY—SANTA!

A CHILDLIKE voice answered the telephone when a Tyne-side operator plugged in a street call-box recently. His request was for the telephone number of Santa Claus.

The lady operator, taking full share of the confidence, told him that Santa Claus didn't want his number told to everyone, but that she would put him through to the house of the famous be-whiskered gentleman.

After a few seconds she went back on to the line and said, “Mrs. Santa Claus speaking; can I take a message for my husband? He is so busy.”

An excited voice then reeled off the long list of presents he wanted.

After undertaking to deliver the message, saying she couldn't promise as to what would be the result, owing to war-time, the little voice died out as he put the receiver on its hook again. And this story's true!

KIPPAX AND ALL.

IF you should make a bee-line for Kippax (Yorks) when your submarine reaches base, you'll be interested to learn that “Who Could Have Thought It?” has been demolished. And if you're not a Kippaxer you'll probably scratch your head and say “Wot the 'ell!”—or words to that effect.

For Kippax, tiny coal-mining village near Castleford, boasts some of the queerest place-names imaginable. That's why strangers think the locals are barmy when they talk about going for a walk via the Toadholes and taking a short cut down Jumbo Nick.

Your Yorkshire collier may not have a college education, but he certainly has exclusive tastes when it comes to christening things.

Take two more place-names as an example. Fillycobs and Packgate will take a bit of improving on, won't they?

The person who first hit on them displayed the true artistry of the Yorkshire collier—even you submariners have to admit that!

HEARD THIS ONE?

HAVE you heard the story of the Wren who knew that a rating has something to do with speed anyway?

Send
“Good
Morning”
your
News and
Ideas

Concluding: THE SHOT By ALEXANDER PUSHKIN

The Shot is Fired

HOW could I help knowing Silvio, Your Excellency? We were intimate friends; he was received in our regiment like a brother officer, but it is now five years since I had any tidings of him. Then Your Excellency also knew him?"

"Oh, yes, I knew him very well. Did he ever tell you of one very strange incident in his life?"

"Does Your Excellency refer to the slap in the face that he received from some blackguard at a ball?"

"Did he tell you the name of this blackguard?"

"No, Your Excellency, he never mentioned his name. . . . Ah! Your Excellency!" I continued, guessing the truth, "pardon me . . . I did not know . . . could it really have been you?"

"Yes, I myself," replied the Count, with a look of extraordinary agitation, "and that bullet-pierced picture is a memento of our last meeting."

"Ah, my dear," said the Countess, "for Heaven's sake, do not speak about that; it would be too terrible for me to listen to."

"No," replied the Count, "I will relate everything. He knows how I insulted his friend, and it is only right that he should know how Silvio revenged himself."

The Count pushed a chair towards me, and with the liveliest

—and again I drew the first number.

"You are devilish lucky, Count," said he, with a smile that I shall never forget.

"I don't know what was the matter with me, or how it was that he managed to make me do it . . . but I fired and hit that picture."

The Count pointed with his finger to the perforated picture; his face glowed like fire; the Countess was whiter than her own handkerchief; and I could not restrain an exclamation.

"I fired," continued the Count, "and, thank Heaven, missed my aim. Then Silvio . . . at that moment he was really terrible . . . Silvio raised his hand to take aim at me. Suddenly the door opens, Masha rushes into the room, and with a loud shriek throws herself upon my neck. Her presence restored to me all my courage."

"My dear," said I to her, "don't you see that we are joking? How frightened you are! Go and drink a glass of water and then come back to us; I will introduce you to an old friend and comrade."

"Masha still doubted."

"Tell me, is my husband speaking the truth?" said she, turning to the terrible Silvio. "Is it true that you are only joking?"

"He is always joking, Countess," replied Silvio. "Once he gave me a slap in the face in a joke; on another occasion he sent a bullet through my cap in a joke;

and just now, when he fired at me and missed me, it was all in a joke. And now I feel inclined for a joke."

"With these words he raised his pistol to take aim at me—right before her! Masha threw herself at his feet."

"Rise, Masha; are you not ashamed!" I cried in a rage. "And you, sir, will you cease to make fun of a poor woman? Will you fire or not?"

"I will not," replied Silvio. "I am satisfied. I have seen your confusion, your alarm. I forced you to fire at me. That is sufficient. You will remember me. I leave you to your conscience."

"Then he turned to go, but pausing in the doorway and looking at the picture that my shot had passed through, he fired at it almost without taking aim, and disappeared. My wife had fainted away; the servants did not venture to stop him, the mere look of him filled them with terror. He went out upon the steps, called his coachman, and drove off before I could recover myself."

The Count was silent. In this way I learned the end of the story, whose beginning had once made such a deep impression upon me. The hero of it I never saw again.

It is said that Silvio commanded a detachment of Hetairists during the revolt under Alexander Ipsilanti, and that he was killed in the battle of Skoulana.

END

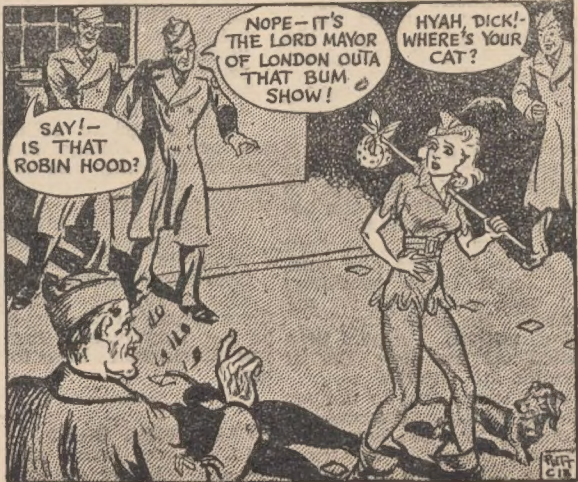
WANGLING WORDS—200

- Put an insect in STA . . . ION and make it motionless.
- Rearrange the letters of NINE TIES and make a famous scientist.
- Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: LORD into DUKE, LOCK into DOOR, PLANT into TREES, NUTS into BOLT.
- How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from CIRCUMFERENCE?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 199

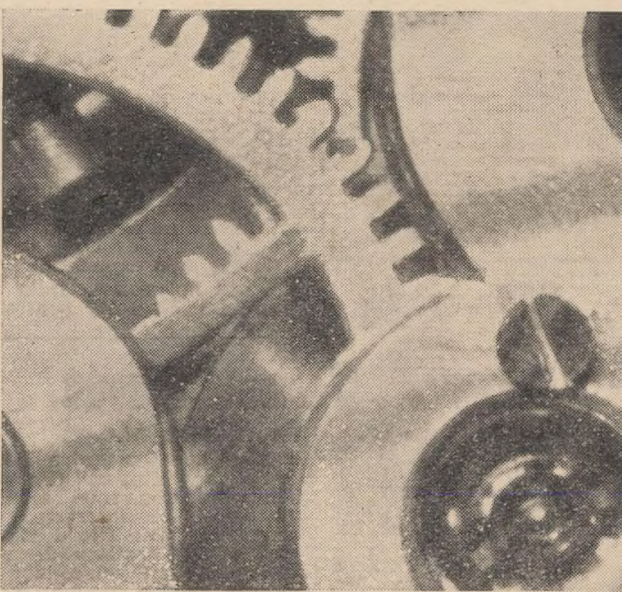
- BRIDLETON.
- LENINGRAD.
- LAKE, CAKE, CARE, PARE, PART, PAST, LAST, LIST, FIST, FISH, PIPE, POPE, PORE, PORK, CORK, COOK, ROOK, ROOD, ROAD, REED, REEL, THINK, THINE, SHINE, SHONE, STONE, STORE, STORK, STOCK, SHOCK, CHOCK, CHICK, CRICK, TRICK, TRICE, TRITE, WRITE, BIRD, BIND, BEND, SEND, SEED.
- Bass, Barm, Dams, Road, Rams, Mars, Soda, Boas, Bars, Dram, Bard, Drab, Mass, Rods, Robs, Doss, Sods, Oars, Boar, Mobs, Sobs, etc. Brads, Brass, Dross, Roads, Broad, Board, Rooms, Sodas, Assam, Drams, Drabs, etc.

JANE



WHAT IS IT?

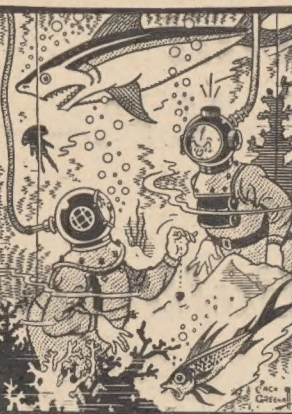
TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



QUIZ for today

- A twite is a silly fellow, bird, flower, field-mouse, hat, shawl?
- Who wrote (a) Youth, (b) The Fortunate Youth?
- Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Crab-apple, Sloe, Hip, Blackberry, Oak-apple, Elderberry?
- What is meant by a deciduous tree?
- What is the highest mountain in America?
- What is a Cypriot?
- Is the word dice singular or plural?
- What rank in the Navy is equivalent to a Brigadier?
- Horses are measured in "hands." How much is a hand?
- When did England first play Australia at cricket?
- What is the capital of Ecuador?
- Complete the phrases: (a) Hot and —, (b) Neck or —

USELESS EUSTACE



"Gorblimey, Bert! All this for a ruddy locket with a lovers' knot on it and 'Love from Alice'!"

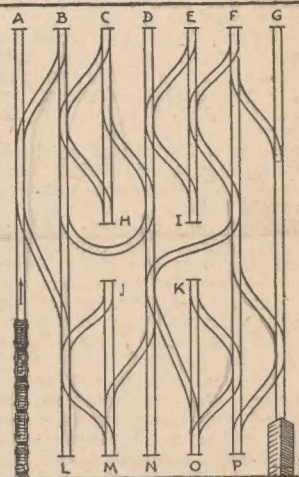
Answers to Quiz in No. 244

- Drink.
- (a) Michael Fairless, (b) J. Farnol.
- Pumpnickel is a coarse bread; others are flowers.
- Lichen.
- To make worse.
- May 24.
- Natterjack, Herbarium.
- 2,168,000,000 (in 1939).
- France.
- Mild steel, dipped in tin.
- Nassau.
- (a) Of fish, (b) Duckling.

ODD CORNER

Nationalists squabble over who invented petrol engines and wireless, but nobody seems to mind who has the credit for such homely articles as pyjamas. Their origin is the East Indies. Elderdowns were invented in Scandinavia, porcelain in China, steel in Turkestan, newspapers in Rome, soap in Mediaeval France, and bowler hats in ancient Assyria! Spoons and forks came to us from Italy, soft-leather shoes from Greece, glass from ancient Egypt, cigarettes from Mexico, playing cards from France, chess from India, and both whipping and humming tops from ancient Greece.

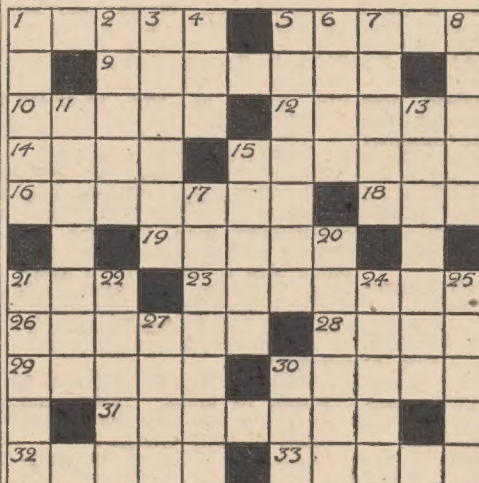
Shunting the Wagons



Shunt the train on the left, leaving one wagon in each of the 16 sidings. You may drop wagons off either end of the train, but you may not reverse your direction except at a siding. You may travel over the same tracks as many times as you please so long as you do not visit the same siding twice. You should finish with the engine in the shed (bottom right). The order in which the sidings should be visited is given on Page 3.

(Solution on Page 3)

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- Fruit.
- Refute.
- Table-land.
- Bitterly pungent.
- Chief.
- Invent.
- Rudder lever.
- Brighten.
- Female animal.
- Punishes.
- Litter.
- Unopened flower.
- Dried fruit.
- Girl's name.
- In spirit.
- Arctic duck.
- Striking.
- Unctuous.
- Surpasses.

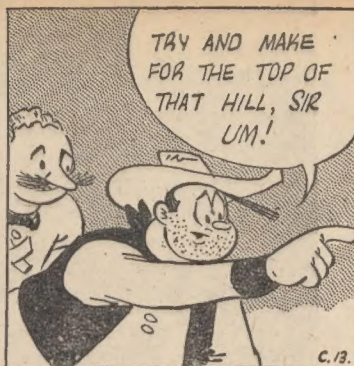
Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

SCREED KITH
HOE MULISH
INSTEP NORM
F CARES LEA
TRULY DRAWN
SEEK TAUT A
L SAW BERG
SIT TIP DOE
TERMINUS OR
IDEAL REAMS
R ENTIRETY

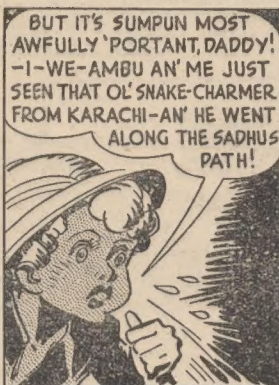
CLUES DOWN.

- Put.
- Spring-time.
- Bedside class.
- Posessed.
- Prets.
- Titled person.
- Construct.
- Unit of heat.
- Hide.
- Old dance.
- Half a joint.
- Diversity.
- Of old age.
- Impends.
- Girl's name.
- Portends.
- Game of skill.
- Discontinue.
- Decline.

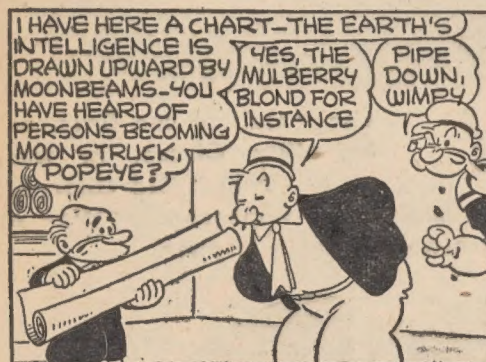
BEELZEBUB JONES



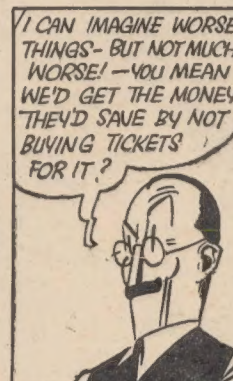
BELINDA



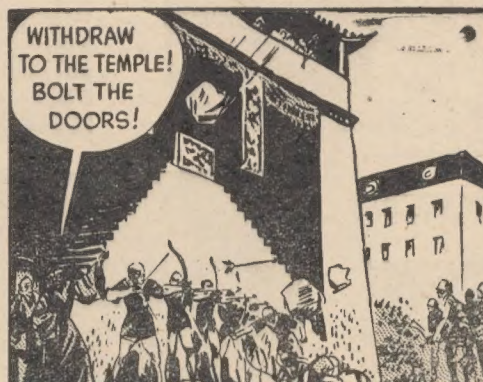
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



NEWS FROM NOWHERE

By ODO DREW

EDITORIAL CONFERENCE.

THE considerable number of submariners who have visited "Good Morning" office have shown much interest in the internal organisation of a newspaper, and it may be, therefore, not without point if I lift the veil on one of the most important items in newspaper production—the editorial conference.

Every daily newspaper has a regular morning, and, often, an afternoon, gathering of heads of departments, at which items of news are discussed, the relative importance of events assessed, and plans for the future thrashed out. Here is a glimpse of the "Good Morning" morning conference. (There is seldom an afternoon one, for obvious reasons.)

The large and lofty conference room, solidly carpeted in concrete, with windows tastefully draped in spider-webbing of the finest texture and most genuine antiquity, contains a big table, at the head of which is the editor's chair.

Over this chair are suspended an immense fountain-pen and a small sword (indicating that the former is mightier than the latter); below, to left and right, are two submarines rampant, looking, it must be confessed, as if they are sinking by the stern.

Members of the staff are already seated—or should be—when the sound of pipes, off-stage, announces the shambling approach of the editor. (The procedure is traditional and goes back to the foundation of "Good Morning.")

As the editor enters, staggering and supported by two page (front) girls, the staff rise and doff their headgear—in some cases caps, in others brimless bowler hats, and, in still others, nondescript cloth contraptions, shapeless, worn and grimed with the unbrushed dust of ages.

The editor, unless he is speechless, which is not infrequent, says "Good morning, I don't think," and the staff reply "And the same to you, neither."

Both editor and staff glare at each other as if, as they undoubtedly are, allergic the one to the other. In this friendly atmosphere the senior present reports "All present and correct, sir, apart from—" and there follows a list of members of the staff who have been given temporary shelter by the authorities (police) for the night.

The editor, for no particular reason, answers "Make it so." The conference then resume their seats, their headgear, and their vacuous looks of unintelligent inattention.

Let us now take a look round the table. What a crew! What a collection of experts! What brains!

At the head, the editor—tall, thin, with gracefully sloping shoulders, pear-shaped bald head, yellowish green eyes, lofty receding brow, and an immense greyish beard, stained with reconstituted eggs and hiding a well-stepped-back chin; next, Ronald Richards, with once white stock, long, tousled hair, and moth-eaten astrakhan collar, turned up to hide the sardonic twitch of the mouth; then Al Male, a pile of Chinese newspapers in front of him, a couple of chopsticks, stained with pink blanchmange, jutting from a breast pocket, and his clerical collar turned round the wrong way—owing to the cost of laundry he makes one last a week, and as he cannot take it off when once it is fixed, he turns it from front to back when visiting his local in the evening, and usually forgets to twist it back on leaving; aloof and portentous looking is Stuart Martin, not unlike the first edition of Sexton MacBlake, picking nervously at his sporran or examining his dirk for strange fingerprints.

On the other side of the table is J. S. Newcombe, restlessly viewing imaginary postage stamps through the wrong end of a telescope; W. H. Millier, wearing fencing-mask, Arsenal shirt, cricket trousers, ice skates and boxing gloves, trying out golf strokes with a ping-pong bat; and Odo Drew, tearfully trying to impale the spots before his eyes with a skewer and muttering Kipling in very Low German.

On the telephone is Pat Lea, the editor's secretary, talking to the printer, whose name is Dear on some days and Darling on others.

George Nixon, photographer, seldom attends, as he is busy either inventing an excuse for not loading plates into his camera slides for his last important job, or else trying to cover his week's rent with an expense sheet consisting of a solitary taxi fare and two bus rides.

By this time it will be nearly eleven o'clock, and the editor hurriedly adjourns the conference until just after three, or, alternatively, until the following morning.

Members leave the room to the strains of a harmonium, played by a fire-watcher's yeoman who once deputy-fire-watched at the Royal Academy of Music.

Shunting the Wagons Answer.

A, L, J, M, B, H, C, D, N, E, I, F, O, K, P, G.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

A "STUDY" IN BLACK AND WHITE

And we cannot help wondering just what (or whom) Ann Sothern is studying.



This England

The "Hub of the Empire." Piccadilly Circus, in war-time. Only "Old George," famous London salvage man, retains his peace-time appearance. War or Peace, George must always wear a topper.

HELLO TWINS

A rarity in the world of horse breeding. Twin colts being raised in White Plains, New York.



THE WORLD UPSIDE DOWN



"Why the heck must you always be the last out of the water? If you insist on being different to the rest of the family, I'll blooming-well DO yer next time!"

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Give me
Terra Firma"

